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THE STUDENT

VOL. LIX
NO. 2

NOVEMBER



THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE



"TIN FISH"—that means torpedo in submarine language. The phrase, "the smoking lamp is lit" means Camels are in order—for with men in the Navy, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (See below.)

You want STEADY NERVES to launch a "tin fish" or make one!

HIDE-AND-SEEK. A deadly game of it with the T.N.T. of depth charge and torpedo. That's a game only for steady nerves!

But what isn't these days—with all of us fighting, working, living at the highest tempo in years. Smoking, too—perhaps even more than you used to.

If Camels are not your present brand, try them. Not just because they're the favorite in the service or at home—but for the sake of your own smoking enjoyment, try Camels. Put them to the "T-Zone" test described below and make your own comparisons.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

FOR
**STEADY
PLEASURE
CAMELS SUIT
ME TO A 'T'**



FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

In the Navy—in the Army—in the Marine Corps—in the Coast Guard—the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, Sales Commissaries, Post Exchanges, and Canteens.)

—THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS



The "**T**Zone"
where cigarettes
are judged

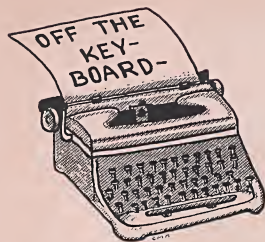
The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

CAMELS WIN WITH
ME ON EVERY
COUNT. THEY'RE EASY
ON MY **T**HROAT AND
THEY DON'T TIRE MY
TASTE



GYROSCOPE GIRL—Pretty Rosemary Gregory (above) calibrates automatic directional devices at a Sperry Gyroscope Co. plant, and she's just as partial to Camels as the fighting men who depend on her precision. She says: "Camels suit me better all ways. For my taste and my throat, Camels are tops with a capital 'T'!"

Camel



ON OUR COVER this issue is red-headed flashback John Cochran, signal caller for the 1942 Demon Deacons, whom sports writers throughout the East have hailed as one of the finest backs turned out in the South. Triple-threat quarterback Cochran is to us a typical representative of a great sport and a great team. When we hear the name we immediately think of the 1942 Demon Deacons, a team which has proved itself one of the finest athletic clubs ever turned out at Wake Forest College. Their record stands above those of any football teams here in recent years—five wins, two losses and one tie as they take the field against the University of South Carolina in Charlotte Thursday.

When Cochran, Russ and Johnny Perry, Bo Sacrinty, J. V. Pruitt, Elmer Barbour, Burnie Capps, Jim Copley, Captain Pat Preston, Buck Jones, Tony Rubino, George Owens, Bill Starford, and the other 1942 Deacons huddle on the field in Charlotte's Memorial Stadium Thursday, it may and probably will be the last huddle of a Wake Forest team for the duration of the war, for, according to inferences made by the War Manpower Committee, intercollegiate football will probably be abolished for the duration of the war after this season.

And so THE STUDENT salutes the 29 members of this year's squad and their coach, who have given Wake Forest a team to be proud of in this last year of football until the war's done and won. This is the team we will always remember for toppling Duke, in a very decisive manner, from their lofty perch after thirteen years without a victory over the Blue Devils, for turning back Clemson's Tigers, who had a record of holding

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The Student

of Wake Forest College



VOLUME LIX

NUMBER 2

NOVEMBER 1942

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Dr. H. B. Jones.....	Faculty Adviser
Alan Stansbury.....	Staff Artist

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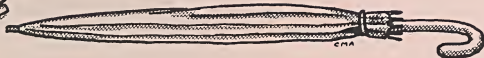
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Strictly Incidental



• *We've been hearing "bear stories" for a long time, but just about the neatest one yet comes from Elizabeth City, where*



Bill Ayers, last year's editor of *Old Gold and Black*, is working as sports editor and general utility man on the *Daily Advance*.

It seems that an escaped bear recently waddled about that town, prying in and out of houses and throwing half the populace into a panic. A sticker for human interest stories with a unique approach, China Bill followed the grizzly's trail, investigated the happenings, grabbed his typewriter and beat out his story. The story, written in the form of a bedtime tale and featuring the bruin as talking as he went on his exploits, won high favor with readers. Next morning when newsman Ayers went to work he found his desk littered with letters requesting copies of the paper carrying the story.

His is a nose for news not even bears get around.

• *These naval officers are pretty decent fellows about some things. They will warn you before you get into the service, even if it is in a language you don't understand at that time. Over on a blackboard in the Office of Naval Officer Procurement in Raleigh, scrawled in big chalk letters in view of all candidates for admission are the words: *Mene Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, which is Hebrew in a round-about-way for "Thy days are numbered." No doubt they find it a simple method for easing their conscience without affecting the number of applications.*

• *Add to your list of squelched rumors: Long John Jett, stalwart*

Deacon end of two seasons past, is not dead, as a rank rumor several weeks ago would have him be. Jett, unaware that he no longer lived, wrote a card a short while ago to Captain Pat Preston of this year's squad, congratulating the team on their success and their triumph over the Blue Devils. Wrote he: "I've lived for the day we would beat Duke." *In pace requiescat!*

• *Speaking of lady killers, Ben Bell, junior from Beaufort, proved the night of the Civic Music Concert in Raleigh November 6 that he really knows how to get ahead with the fairer sex. Civic Music Patron Bell was over in Raleigh for the performance of the American Ballet Theatre. Looking over the ballet roster on his program, he noticed that a comparatively young dancer was in the troupe. Her name: Jean Hunt. Her age: 17. Sounded O. K. to him. She couldn't do more than refuse. Bell scribbled a note on his program asking the miss if he might take her out to dinner after the performance. The ballerina's reply was "certainly," to meet her back stage after the show. After the performance Bell walked from the auditorium with the pretty brunette alongside, her arm hooked through his, while friends gaped with awe.*

• *Interesting was the announcement made by Registrar Grady Patterson last week that the war has had a noticeable effect in students' grades this year. According to the Registrar's figures, fewer students made average grades mid-semester than in the past, while a larger percentage of lower grades and a larger percentage of higher grades were made. The percentage of students on the list having two or more failures has undergone a noticeable*

increase of two per cent; and about the same percentage made higher grades—10.53% made the honor roll this year as compared with 8.73% last year; the number of freshmen making honor roll grades was a good deal smaller while the number of upperclassmen was a good deal larger over last year's figures.

Explaining the fact that a considerable less percentage made average grades, Registrar Patterson said that existing conditions have caused those students in the lower bracket scholastically not to have such good preparation and strength of purpose, while on the other hand, the same conditions have accounted for the boost in the number of higher averages. For those students who have studied at all before, reasons he, now realize that their transcripts will mean a lot to them in whatever reserve or branch of service they're planning to enter, and thus affords them a keener incentive for work.

• *Since we began this page speaking of newspapers and *Old Gold and Black* editors we'd like to close it*



by doffing our hats to Bob Gallimore, who will in a few days become Private R. S. Gallimore. He has done a very commendable job, along

with predecessor Ayers, in shoving *Old Gold and Black* into step with modern journalistic trends. This next issue marks the twenty-second Gallimore has put to bed since he took the reins of the paper last spring. For four years he has been an asset to the publications realm. Photographer, newspaperman, Editor Gallimore is Wake Forest publications' loss—Uncle Sam's gain.

I Take the Army Oath

By SANTFORD MARTIN

"APPLICATION, please!"

"Do you have your birth certificate? Thank you."

"I'm sorry, Captain Johnston is in conference just now. Won't you have a seat?"

"Yes, I will. Thank you."

"Your name, please?"

"Martin—Santford Wingate Martin, Jr."

"Do you have three recommendations in triplicate form?"

"Yes, I do."

And thus I continued to answer many questions as they were asked by the polite and not too unattractive Army Recruiting Office secretary. Each answer to each question brought me closer to a membership in what I considered the greatest army in the world.

Finally, we came to the end of our question and answer ordeal, when the polite secretary asked me if I was seeking a college student's deferment plan. Of course I had only one answer to that—"Yes!" But as I said that "yes," a mammoth question arose in my mind: is it fair that I ask for and get a deferment from the Army for so many months or even a year or two, merely because I go to college, while hundreds and thousands of young fellows who have never had a chance to obtain a college education, and who, by that lack of opportunity, have been offered no deferment, have been offered no alternative other than to go at a moment's notice—some leaving young wives and old mothers—while a seemingly favored college minority continue to enjoy the undisciplined relaxation of civilian life?

And just that thought—is it fair, deferment on the basis of being a college student?—made me feel somewhat guilty and ill at ease as I sat there waiting for my chance to talk with Captain Johnston. I even tried to change my position and to look for things so interesting that the question, which made me feel guilty, would fade away. But it wouldn't—not even the pictures of the majestic airplanes on the wall, nor the pretty girls who typed and flirted with potential soldiers and aviators, could obliterate that question—is it fair? . . . is it fair?

Just then the door to Captain Johnston's office opened and out stepped two young civilians and behind them a most perfect example of an Army officer—tall, slender, lean, and straight, with a bold chin and eagle eyes which spelled determination. The polite secretary turned to me—"Mr. Martin, Captain Johnston can see you now."

And even as she said this, I didn't jump up rigidly and military-like, as you might think the average recruit would, hoping to make a lasting impression upon the officer-in-charge. Rather, as I remember, it seemed like a long journey from the reception room to Captain



Johnston's office—very long, indeed! For during that little trip of some thirty feet, the question—is it fair to those who can't go to college?—continued to dominate my thoughts.

"Well, Mr. Martin, which do you prefer—to man one of our machine guns, or to join our parachute troopers"? Captain Johnston exclaimed light-heartedly, probably trying to put me at ease with his cordial informality.

After that, however, he presented his various deferment plans and told me of the different physical requirements, which I managed to pass through the grace of God and a little extra sleep.

After some time, the day came for my formal induction into the Army Reserve—everything passed, everything with the Captain's O. K. upon it. The only barrier left was that same thought which had occupied my mind from the very beginning—is this action of receiving deferment the manly thing to do, the patriotic thing to do, and above all, the fair thing to do? I felt guilty—so guilty that I stopped Captain Johnston before he began with the formal oath of induction, and told him of the uncertainty that had been mine for the past few days. And Captain Johnston seemed to have a speech ready for such a question, a little speech which, it seemed, had been rehearsed many times, but which actually was as impromptu as my stopping him in the middle of his explanation on how to take the oath had been.

And this is what he had to say: "Son, you have spent two years in college, and this fall marks the beginning of your junior year. You have spent much time and money toward attaining that graduation goal and degree. And because you have only two more years of college, you have come to us and have asked us for deferment until your college work is completed. We have offered you this opportunity with the sincere hope that it can be fulfilled, because we realize one most important thing—that our nation, and the world in general, will need level-headed, clear-thinking, and educated young men after this war as never before.

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Happy Endings

By NEIL MORGAN

SOMETIMES I think people are too anxious to see the worst in the world they moan and groan and say O how little time I have really to enjoy life and look for the beautiful things about me when there must be so much of the good in life and me missing it all.

This collection of happy endings is written especially for those busy people who walk right on by the flower garden and the dog kennel and the little kids playing in the sand and the sun shining on the wet leaves while they hurry on their way to find something beautiful and perfect that comes out with everybody living happily ever after and all the people glad to be alive. The reading time shouldn't be over just five or ten minutes and unless you've got just two minutes to catch that bus to go over to Raleigh to find a good time it might be worth your reading them Although I know you won't believe any of them really happened the way I say they did.

IN TWO ACTS

or

For You Will Come Back

Mary Hastychoice was a very pretty girl In fact she had all of the boys in school running after her with that certain look in their eyes like the boys in Boots and Her Buddies when Brother Billy comes home and hugs and kisses Boots when nobody else ever could. Well Mary couldn't make up her mind between two of the boys whom she liked very much and both of whom wanted to marry her right away One was a sandy haired fellow named Bill Goodfellow He played on the football team. The other was a dark good looking fellow named Oscar Neverstop whose daddy had lots of money he was an oil magnate with lots of tankers and oil wells and two big branch companies over in China.

Well to make a long story short Mary Hastychoice picked Oscar because he had so much money and promised to give her anything she wanted. They were married after commencement and Oscars daddy gave him control over the Southern division of his oil company Oscar became a busy executive and although Mary had everything she wanted in a way she didn't either. She never heard from Mr. Goodfellow except through mutual friends who said finally he had married another woman and they never had got along very well together They were always fussing and quarreling And sometimes Mary wished her husband had time even to quarrel with her. But anyhow he had time to give her two kids which she trained up very well and after many years the oldest one became a beautiful little fifteen year old girl who was very much like her mother and the other one became a fat little fellow who played football at junior high.

During all this time Marys husband Mr. Neverstop had been working very hard and the doctors said he must

rest more that he was going to have severe heart trouble if he didn't take more vacations and relax some But he didn't pay any attention to the doctors and finally died leaving her with two kids and a house but as the war had just come on he had lost all his holdings in China and his tankers were being sunk every day So Mary had to take in boarders and work hard cleaning up the house and doing without maids and butlers so she could make enough money to send her pretty little girl to college and buy books for her fat little boy.

Along about this time everybody was being drafted and army camps were being built everywhere Mary sent her kids to bed one Saturday night and threw a big party for all her friends and everybody got tight.

Somehow with everybody talking so free one of the girls mentioned her old fellow Bill and asked her Have you seen Bill Goodfellow lately? And all of a sudden one of the men there a soldier said Yes he's a buck private now at an Army school over here at Wake Forest I heard somebody talking about him the other day.

Of course Mary could hardly control her excitement since both had been through so much and she was so lonesome now and needed somebody now that she was getting middleaged So she asked the soldier to bring Mr. Goodfellow over to a party some Saturday night And sure enough he came and got to telling Mary how he finally had divorced his wife after they quarrelled so many years and Mary told him about her two children and he said Mary I'd like to see the kids

So Goodfellow took a liking to the kids and the kids liked Goodfellow and Mary and he talked about how they had always been meant for each other anyhow and they got married one Saturday afternoon in a quiet little ceremony with the pretty little fifteen year old for maid of honor and the fat little football player for best man On Monday Goodfellow went back to Army school but every weekend he goes back to be with his family and they're Oh so happy and waiting for the war to be over so they can start life over again.

NO! NOT ME!

or

It'd Better Be Me

The Rev. Mr. Wantpower was a bigtime preacher of a bigtime church because he had always managed to pull the legs of all the deacons or the stewards or whatever you call them and because when he shook your hand he first raised his arm way up in the air like he was about to ask the teacher a question and then swung it down against yours and almost knocked you over Then he would ask you Brother How are you today? I hope the Good Lord has been kind to you and that you are living a good clean righteous life God bless you

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The Story I Forgot

By ENSIGN EUGENE BRISSIE

Dear Mr. Editor:

Once you own a typewriter at any time in life, you're sunk. Its presence will hound you while you're in the same room with it, and once you try to sell it or give it away, you'll find that the infernal piece of machinery refuses to be disposed with so easily.

In other words I used to own a typewriter and a key to THE STUDENT office. Since the day I acquired both of them—and it was the same day—I haven't felt right unless I could be pounding the keys for a few hours a week at the very least.

The two paragraphs above are a round about way of saying that I'm sending you an hour's work at a typewriter during a storm at sea. I came off a watch so intrigued by the racing gales and violent spray that whipped the old girl's forecandle into a frothy nose, that I determined to sit down and write a story about a storm at sea. I piddled with the typewriter a few moments, then sauntered off to another job. Shortly, the sea was calmer, the wind was dying down, and the water was turning blue again. My story had vanished. I had missed another one.

I idled an hour away putting down what you see here, a story that would have been written much better and more vividly if I had the practice of all the other stories I should have written behind me. So make of it what you will.

Perhaps it has a moral, this story: "Keep your typewriter in your hip pocket all the time." Whatever the moral may be, perhaps it will enable me—if I take heed—to write a good story some day. Something like "The Road to Murmansk," "Three-Day Aurora Borealis" or "Loch Lomond: 1942."

Sincerely yours,
Brissie

THIS IS the story I was going to write for the first issue of THE STUDENT that came out while I was a student at Wake Forest. That story I was always going to write, but somehow never got around to. Someone else wrote his similar story and called it *The Great American Novel*, a story that told about the stories he never got around to writing.

My story grew out of a chat I had several days ago with the "Padre," an affectionate name we have for the chaplain aboard ship. We had been talking about unforgettable characters in the course of our lives thus far, and he happened to mention Robert St. John, an ex-bookstore keeper (author of *From the Land of Silent People*) whom he had known rather well. St. John, he said, has the facility of creating indelible impressions, drawn from actual experience.

Then I remembered the description St. John had used in his story of the fall of Greece, especially his picture of fear and unrest on the Island of Corfu. I also recalled his vivid description of several nights in an open

boat on the sea. I think I can understand the sensations he experienced, to a minor degree at least.

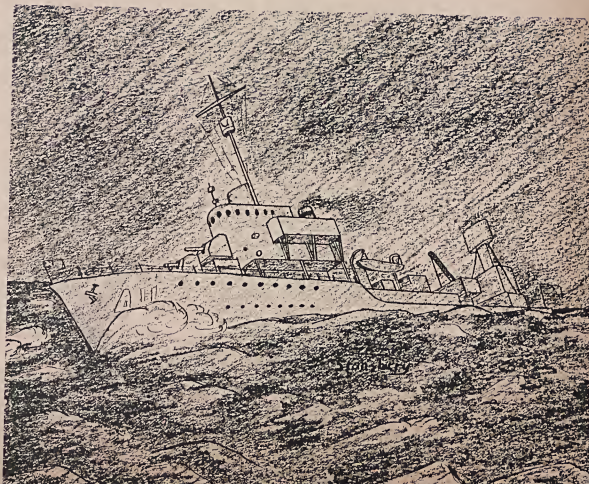
"You know, it's almost incomprehensible how tightly shut the conquered countries have been in these few years," the Padre continued. "War began in September of 1939 and this is only 1942."

My first impulse was to shout: "Only since 1939!" I wondered for a moment if I could remember what the world was like before the war broke out. Then I settled down enough mentally to realize that changes have taken place unbelievably fast.

—And I thought back of an experience I had in July, 1939. That was the month in which I had met Aleksy, the Polish lieutenant whom I haven't heard from in three years now. I once wrote a brief story about him, and the same issue of THE STUDENT carried an article about Dr. Benjamin Sledd, his visit to England during the last World War. At the same time I wrote about Aleksy, I recalled a lunch at the World's Fair that same July in 1939, when a group of the internationals were getting together to promote good will. There was the Pole, a Greek chap by the name of Chris Chachis, who came from the Apostle Paul's Thessalonike, an Egyptian, from the University of Cairo, named Ebrahim Mansoury, and myself—all at the same table. We planned a reunion in Warsaw in 1944, jokingly. At that time we were dining on the roof of the magnificent French Pavilion, where we could look out on the British, Russian, Turkish, Swedish, Czechoslovakian, Polish and Italian buildings.

What we said then didn't matter particularly, though running through all conversation there was a thread of realization that our reunion plans were sheer jokes. Nervous eyes foretold days of hardship and tragedy that was to come to some of us, but we laughed and joked. We drank Italian wine, I think it was, and told British jokes.

That was a story I never got around to writing, and
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Movie House Culture

The "Pass the Popcorn" Kids And Back Row Quarterbacks Have Made a Significant Contribution To Local Culture.

By H. B. PARROTT

ONE OF THE most popular diversions among men of leisure on the Wake Forest campus is attending the cinema. Each afternoon about 2:45 and each evening about 6:45, a small select group gathers at the main entrance of the Forest Theatre to await the start of the entertainment. While thus assembled many topics of major importance are discussed such as the merits of the "Strip Polka" song and the finer points of blackjack.

These comments are of minor value, however, because the more sophisticated have learned to withhold their opinions until inside the theatre. Once the curtain goes up, they launch a series of brilliant criticisms and observations which, as they are all in the best of taste, add greatly to the enjoyment of the audience.

Of course, the nature of these remarks is determined largely by the type of picture being shown. Intensely serious and dramatic situations are well-liked. Scenes of this kind are greeted with restrained guffaws and horse laughs. Bronx cheers and raspberries are also quite common. Comic situations, on the other hand, are received in stony silence, unless the hero is struck in the face with an overripe egg or the heroine falls head first into some cake batter. Then it is considered proper to exhibit unusual mirth. At no time does a true Wake Forest man dare to breach the rules of theatre etiquette.

The one possible exception to this rule are the student instructors. They usually maintain an aloof, pseudo-sophisticated glare. Sometimes they will condescend to leer at an incompetent actor or an actress whose technique is not up to par, but they will never smile. This is considered very bad taste, and is frowned upon by the more discerning students.

Accepted behavior at any performance includes rattling peanut bags, carrying on a continuous conversation, and draping legs and feet over the nearest empty seat. Gum, Coca-Cola, and popcorn are standard equipment for all shows. Chewing tobacco is a somewhat rare luxury that must be limited to a chosen few. It has been found that a large



amount of tobacco juice makes the floor slippery and is annoying to the barefooted customers.

Saturday is the red letter event in the life of the local movie fan, because Saturday is "Western movie time" or more simply, "Horse opera day." On this occasion waves of unbridled bliss sweep through the entire audience as evidenced by loud snores (real or imitation) and the clatter of horses' hooves on the screen echoed by the staccato crunching of peanuts in the balcony.

Toward the climax of the picture, the audience becomes very excited. When the hero comes thundering down the wagon-trail to overtake the runaway stage coach containing his lady-love, the gum-chewers shift into extra-high and the faster the horses run, the faster the popcorn disappears. But even this stirring situation does not receive the soulful appreciation given a knock-down, drag-out, free-for-all fight. The typical

attitude in this case is like that of the freshman, perched on the edge of his seat, his eyes shining, who broke out in an excited, choked voice, "Oh Lord!"

For the benefit of those who may not be exactly sure of what is expected of them at a Wake Forest movie, here are a few examples of how the more refined students have conducted themselves at recent performances.

Dorothy Lamour appeared on the screen clad only in a sarong and a pair of sultry, blue eyes. Eyebrows went up like Venetian blinds, and a series of long whistles and much stomping of the feet greeted her. This is the highest form of compliment that a local audience could have paid her.

Ann Sheridan came flouncing into the room in a very revealing gown. A witty individual gave forth with several short, sharp, eager barks.

The true humorist, however, is the one who displays such talent as this. An amorous young newly-wed strode down the hall of the hotel in his dressing gown and knocked on the door of his former sweetheart. Quick as a flash, a guy yelled, "Timber!" amid a burst of applause.

Another highly-favored genius is the "back row quarterback," a chap so called because of his uncanny ability to forecast the outcome of the story, or better still, to predict it scene by scene. The qualifications for such a distinction are a moist wit (not too dry), a rapid fire delivery, and a PA (public address system) voice. A cheap imitation of the "back row quarterback" is the "druol," a person who has seen the show previously and announces the ending during the first scene.

Students also like to give risque interpretations to as much of the dialog as possible. Any scene in which an abundance of feminine pulchritude is displayed receives

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Working On The Flag.
Campus coeds turned Betsy Ross.

A New School Symbol

By MARTHA ANN ALLEN

FLYING directly underneath "Old Glory" from the mastpole beside the social science building on Homecoming Day this year was a new symbol, a new representative of Wake Forest College. Eleven campus coeds had turned Betsy Ross and had designed and stitched a college flag, the first in the history of the institution.

The idea for such a flag, arising from a press night discussion in the *Old Gold and Black* office, was that same night discussed among several coeds, and the next day these diligent misses started to work sketching out rough designs on paper. Suggestions varied from a lace-edged old gold and black heart to a solid black flag with a gold bar running through the center. And finally, from several different rough designs, one was chosen to submit to the executive committee of the faculty for approval. One of the soldiers of the Finance School offered to make the final sketch for submission. The rough draft which he was to copy had a gold stripe at

the top, a black one at the bottom, and the college seal in the upper left hand corner, but at the apt suggestion of some of the soldiers, the seal was pulled over to the middle of the flag.

Upon presentation to the executive committee, the plan passed through without a hitch, and Wake Forest's Betsy Rosses began working to change an idea to the real thing. Miss Lois Johnson, dean of women, donated the old gold and black wool material for the flag.

Coeds Helen Campfield, Lois Bradley, Viola Hopkins, Audrey Mundorf, Betty Williams, Martha Ann Allen, Beth Perry, Jo Henry, Iris Willis, Willie Ruth Edwards, and Frances Cox immediately began work. Some could use a sewing machine, some could embroider, and others could just cut.

Saturday morning of Homecoming day five were frantically working all at once, whipping on letters and hemming the edges. A quick dash by Wilkinson's

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Scandal in the Art Gallery

Young Gus Caesar, Caught in the Clutches of
Four Famous Beauties, Wiggles and Squirms
and Looks for an Exit.

By ED WILSON

FOR MONTHS the busts of four women stood in the Simmons Art Gallery without male companionship. These ladies were famous ones: Sappho, the Greek poetess; Laura, the girl of Petrarch's sonnets; Beatrice, Dante's inspiration; and Joan of Arc, the savior of France. Then, one day, without warning, a few weeks ago, Augustus Caesar came into their midst. Condescendingly and with a degree of aloofness, he took his place with the ladies.

Of course it was Sappho who spoke first. Carelessly she glanced at Augustus and began: "Immortal Aphrodite of the broided throne, daughter of Zeus, weaver of wiles, I pray thee break not my spirit with anguish and distress, O Queen. Come, I pray thee, now too, and release me from cruel cares."

At this, Augustus roused himself long enough to utter "Quid inferno?" then lapsed back into his old indifferent air as if to say, "Divites dammare atque domare, what kind of a mess have I sailed into now? A loony female running off her mouth about some infernal Greek Venus! Before long she'll be chanting a hymn to the sun. Ye gods, I wish I were back in the Forum."

Beatrice was more outspoken. Looking at Sappho with scorn, she cried out as loudly and as vehemently as her ladylike manners would allow her to: "Thou and thine Aphrodite! Pagan nonsense! What dost thou know about love? With thee it's so much sensual pleasure. Thou art ranting on about thy heathen goddess who doesn't even exist and telling the whole world about thine emotions. Is thy love on such a low plane that thou stoopest to shout it out to all who would listen? Nay, I would prefer rather to lock it in my heart, away from the contamination of those damned souls who can't even get a chance in purgatory. Love is purely of the spirit; it's sacred. Oh, if Dante were only with us, he could tell thee of its uplift."

The Roman Emperor stared in increasing wonderment. "And now the Salvation Army enters. What an unbelievably pious spectacle she makes. I should have had her for my morality campaign. She could have shown those Roman wenches a thing or two. But truly she must be handing us some jive."

Before he could completely recover his equilibrium, already handed a terrific blow by Sappho and Beatrice, Laura had turned, eyes lowered, in the direction of the poetess and had calmly and contemplatively spoken: "You both are on the wrong track. I agree with Beatrice about Sappho's ideas. But then she tries to do away completely with love in the open, and that's bad. After all, if love is spiritual, it has the power of overcoming worldly contamination. It should be sung about and praised, perhaps in sonnets. Fourteen lines can do much to win a lady's heart and to consummate love. Ah, how well Petrarch knew to court with verse."

This was almost too much for Augustus. His pedestal began to shake from top to bottom. "Believe it or not, a rational woman. Another Daniel, by Hercules. She should have known old Cicero. But, meus deus, who is this fourth girl? And what does she see up there on the ceiling? A bird?"

The object of Augustus' attention was Joan of Arc, who as usual had her eyes turned toward heaven, whence she received her inspiration. Acting almost as if she hadn't heard what the others had said, as if it were of no account she said with intense emotion: "All of

you talk about mere men, and you think you appreciate love. Have you ever ridden at the head of a whole host of men, all following you not as lovers but as brother patriots? Have you ever felt your heart throb with any passion other than physical love for man? Do you know the thrill of serving your country with all the power in you and of giving up all you have, even your life, for a cause that is noble and not petty and artificial? If only you had seen the heart of France as I have!"

For the first time Caesar listened almost attentively. While not even Joan of Arc could change the impassionate Augustus' attitude toward women in general, this girl struck a note not yet touched by any of the rest. Maybe she did feel some of the "amor patriae" which meant so much to him. "But she's nothing but a woman. She couldn't fight and lead men like a soldier. And yet if she's descended from those Gauls of Uncle Julius' . . ."

While young Augustus gasps with astonishment at the four women and they in turn search his features for

The "Deacon Beacon," news organ of the Baptist Student Union, is reported to be planning an editorial campaign denouncing an immoral condition existing in the Simmons Art Gallery and demanding an investigation by the administration. According to the "Beacon," one man is there alone and unchaperoned with four beautiful women, who are even now practicing their wiles upon him. Such moral laxity is not in keeping with the principles of Wake Forest College, the "Deacon Beacon" asserts, and unless the administration immediately remedies the situation, they should reexamine the oaths they took upon entering office.

some signs of heeding their words, it would be well to take a few minutes to inform our patient reader of what has gone before in the lives of these characters.

Sappho, the oldest of the group, was born in 612 B. C. on the island of Lesbos near Greece. She came of a good, if not aristocratic family, and at some time in her life married a wealthy man named Cireylas, by whom she had a daughter, whom she named Cleis. Very little is known of her life, except that she lived to be an old woman and that she wrote poetry and left behind her nine volumes of verse, of which we have only a few fragments and perhaps two complete lyrics. She was described by the Greek lyric poet, Alcaeus, as the "violet-wearing, pure, softly smiling Sappho." Today she is regarded as the greatest poetess of all time, a distinction given her in spite of the fact that practically none of her poetry is extant.

Beatrice is known to the world through the pages of the writings of the great fourteenth century Italian poet, Dante. In real life, she was Beatrice de Portinari. Dante first saw her when both of them were nine years old, and at that moment the spirit of his life said tremblingly, "Here is a deity stronger than I, who, coming, shall rule over me." From that time on, Dante's whole life was governed by his spiritual love for this girl. Nine years later he saw her again, and this time she spoke to him for the first and perhaps only time. After that meeting, he was "given up wholly to thinking of this most gracious creature." But she married another, and at the age of twenty-four she died. Dante was crushed; he tried to find happiness in marriage with another, but his heart had been given to Beatrice and he could never get it back. To honor her he wrote his *Divine Comedy*, in which Beatrice is his eternal inspira-

tion, drawing him upward to heaven in spite of himself.

Laura we also know comparatively little about. She was a beautiful Italian lady of the fourteenth century and was like Beatrice the inspiration for some excellent poetry. Her greatest admirer was Petrarch, who first saw her in a church in Avignon, when she was twenty-two, he twenty-three. From then on, Petrarch began to write sonnets and address them to her. Both of them were married, and they never had any physical relationship, but Petrarch always had a spiritual love for her, much as Dante had had for Beatrice. "Her youthful loveliness might be called heavenly. Blessed were those who saw her life! She walked with eyelashes, black as ebony, lowered; when she raised them, the sun-like radiance of Her glance left him amazed for eternity. . . ." In his old Age Petrarch wrote: "I no longer think of anything but of Her; let her then hasten our meeting in heaven, for she draws and calls me to her!" Laura had died several decades earlier, a victim of the Black Plague which swept Europe.

Joan of Arc, the "Maid of Orleans," was born in Domremy, France, in 1412. As a young girl she heard "voices" which told her to go and fight for her country, then at war with England in one phase of the bloody Hundred Years War. Responding to the call, she led men to battle and to subsequent victories against the British until she was captured as a witch and in 1431 burned at the stake. While many historians have perhaps treated her too reverently, she was doubtless a courageous and devout woman with a great quantity of common sense and simple faith. When she was asked at her trial, "Do you consider yourself in a state of grace?" she replied unhesitatingly, "If I am not, may God bring me there; If I am, may He keep me there.



The Emperor and His Women.
He Was No Don Juan.

I should be the unhappiest person on earth if I thought that I were not in His grace."

Our hero, young Augustus Caesar, was unquestionably one of history's greatest men. Emperor of Rome during one of the world's most brilliant eras, Augustus fostered the Golden Age of Roman civilization. Himself a rather unemotional fellow, he cared little for women. His first wife, Scribonia, he divorced because she bore him a daughter instead of a son. His second wife, Livia, was the mother of Augustus' stepson, the Emperor Tiberius. Not even seductive Cleopatra made any impression on this Caesar; he was too busy with affairs of the Empire to have time for such paramours.

Since their deaths Sappho, Beatrice, Laura, Joan, and Augustus had spent quiet, undisturbed lives until sculptors had recaptured their features in marble. Then life had become once more active. For them all, horizons were broadened. They saw the world and all of the wonders of twentieth century America. Augustus was particularly impressed by modern inventions and by the magnitude of our World War. He had traveled the streets of the United States and heard their inhabitants talk, picking up some of their vernacular and adding it to his own vocabulary.

But now, we must turn back to our hero as he seeks to settle the dilemma facing him.

By now, Augustus had become thoroughly disgusted with his company. With a look of resignation as fate had placed him in a position from which there was clearly no escape, he averted his attention fully from the

ladies and fell into a mood of isolation and reminiscence. His thoughts appeared to be miles away as he once again saw in his mind's eye the grandeur of his Rome and once more dwelled on its power and beauty.

Sappho, despite her emotional nature, had always generally disregarded Augustus until he appeared so obviously apathetic. Now it began to hurt her sensitive nature that he was cold to her poems of passion, and she summoned her lady friends to her as she called out again in her familiar manner: "O Aphrodite, I pray thee relieve my spirit from its woes. Quickly speed to my aid from heaven through mid sky and around the dark earth. Arrive and lift me up, saying, 'What beauty now wouldst thou draw to love thee? Who wrongs thee, Sappho?' And I will answer before thine immortal countenance what has befallen me and why I call and what in my weak heart I most desire to see. If thou wilt be my ally. . . ."

Augustus only glared and showed his teeth. "If Uncle Julius were in my place, what a lark he would have. For truly these are all snappy numbers. No time would he waste if such words of passion came knocking him in the face as this crazed woman is now letting loose at me and Aphrodite. I hope Aphrodite gets a kick out of it; I surely don't."

The religious nature of Beatrice could not remain silent as Sappho kept on with her prayer to the goddess of love, and again she interrupted vigorously: "Cease thine infidel invocation! Art thou trying to start another woman's club like the one thou hadst at Lesbos? Should we all love thee? Shall we obey thy commands?

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It will take more than Aphrodite to make him or us pay any mind to thee. See how he is rapt! If it is on the spiritual that he thinks, then indeed he is blessed. But if, as I fear, he meditates on faraway bodily pleasures, then he needs a Beatrice to elevate him. But not this Beatrice; she has her Dante."

Augustus mentally beat his brains out. "What manner of woman is this? The mighty Augustus need anyone to help him to go anywhere? To heaven or to hell? I like her nerve!"

It was Laura who suggested the most simple approach. "Just leave him alone. It is not in woman's place to run after man. She should hold herself far out of reach, allow him to make love to her, notice him only once in a while to keep him from giving up completely. Become his goddess, his inspiration. If he scorns you, don't bother about it; there are other fish in the sea."

The Emperor was better pleased with this. "At least she'll let me alone, for I'll certainly never annoy her. If there are any other male fish in this sea, though, I wish they would show themselves; I'd like some company. Frankly, my choice of this crew, if I have one, is this French girl. She has no time for me; that's the way it should be."

Augustus was right about that. Joan of Arc remained silent, a look of unbounded joy coming over her face. A new work of art had just come into the gallery, and wrapped around it was a newspaper carrying the words of President Roosevelt on the African offensive: "We are being joined by large numbers of the fighting men of our traditional ally, France. On this day, of all days, it is heartening for us to know that the soldiers of France go forward with the United Nations. Yes, the forces of liberation are advancing. The opponents of decency and justice have passed their peak. Today they face inevitable, final defeat." This was what really counted. All the men in the world were naught in comparison.

But Sappho did not care about any war America and France were in; she had a war in her own soul that meant much more to her. And so she kept invoking her gods. And Beatrice moralized. And Laura tried to reason with them both. And Joan of Arc looked toward heaven. And young Gus slowly went mad.

The Story I Forgot

(Continued from page 5)

now I often wonder what happened to the other three. Two of them have had their countries conquered, and the third now faces the German Army of the desert.

Some few months later I interviewed Dr. Charles Lee Smith in Raleigh, and wrote a story about the man (and his library) who had been editor of *THE STUDENT* fifty years before me. In the month and year that followed I intended to write a story about his art, a story about his visits to the palaces of rulers—especially India's Gandhi. But time never allowed me, I told myself. Pirandello would probably have written the story anyway.

I tried my hand on a few short stories and turned out a picture of a Viennese Jew in a new land. I interviewed and dedicated an issue of the magazine to Dr. Paschal. Nights later when I used to walk by his office on the North side of Wait Hall and see him through the window writing page after page on the History of Wake Forest College, I often planned in my mind a story of this man's mythical travels in the language he knew so well. Greek. I pictured him standing over the mounds of old Nineveh, in a land that had been named Larissa by Xenophon, centuries before the Christian Era. His country; his language.

All during the next year I walked to and from my graduate classes and turned over stories in my mind. Springtime and Juniper blossoms on Pine Street, then Magnolia blossoms that fell on the red-brick pathways across the campus. Stories have settings like these, I thought. Now and then I wandered into the Med School and watched the students work over the "stiffs" and I outlined and wrote the first draft of a story of a new "Arrowsmith."

During the Summer, as a newspaper reporter, I planned to write fictional blends with stories-that-told-themselves about men whom I saw executed in Central Prison, Negroes I saw dragged into City Police courts, and of a slot-machine king who got rich off the nickels he received from the poor and wealthy alike.

Last Autumn I once heard 100,000 voices at Soldier's Field in Chicago blend in singing "There's a
(Continued on page 14)

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The Story I Forgot

(Continued from page 11)

Long-Long Trail A-Winding" at the Autumn Music Festival. There was a story in the lakeside scene, the sound of thousands of voices, some no better than my own. In the days and weeks that followed there were stories in the walks I took along Michigan Avenue at midnight, the ships I imagined I saw on the horizon of the lake, the gay laughter that rang out from homes and apartment houses at Christmastime. I found myself scribbling on bits of note paper, scribbling descriptions of the elevated train ride from Edgewater Beach to Chicago Avenue, the deserted appearance of the 59th Street, South, I. C. Station at 4 a. m., the rising temperature of my blood when we paraded on Armistice day.

In January I boarded a ship in a snowstorm, felt lonely and slightly afraid. I could have written a story about the first time I saw a harbor draw behind us when we sailed out. And I think I could write a book about midwatches when the sea is rough and the wind whips spray over every topside station. And yet I couldn't. Too many have tried the sea.

"Yep, Padre," I said to our chaplain that night, "some characters you never forget, it seems."

Then I remembered where I had seen the Padre himself at times. Church time at sea, when the men squatted by gun stands and heard him talk and pray. I had seen them bow and I had heard him play the ship's piano. One night I saw a young sailor looking for him because he needed sound advice, and again I saw him organizing a ship's dance for the men while we were in port.

The Padre. There's a story in that man.



Happy Endings

(Continued from page 4)

Amen Then he would push you aside and reach for the next sucker.

Mrs. Wantpower liked her husband to have big offices and big churches because then she was invited out to all the big teas at Mrs. Seekmore Notice's and Miss Uneeda Hubby's places.

So she helped the Rev. Mr. Wantpower campaign to be elected the chief bigwig of the Church in the whole

State. Well it took years But finally the big conference came and there were just two candidates the Rev. Mr. Wantpower who by now was quite well-known and a little country preacher that hadn't made much of a name for himself but was quite a regular fellow named Straightface. Now Mrs. Wantpower and her husband were quite sure that he would be elected Now she could go to all the biggest functions and maybe she could have just one little drink or two at some of the more elite affairs to correspond with her position.

When he was nominated therefore the Rev. Mr. Wantpower got up and told the conference that he didn't really think he was worthy of the position That he had given his whole life to serving rather than to seeking position and that he hardly would know what to do in office So the people decided that part of what he said was right and elected the little country preacher named Straightface.

Then theres the one about the guy in college that thought he could write He got his typewriter one bright Sunday afternoon and started shooting the bull He hoped the College Editor would print it and sure enough he did



New School Symbol

(Continued from page 7)

cleaners for a press job to smooth over the rough spots, and the flag was taken to Dean D. B. Bryan for approval.

It was officially adopted as the Wake Forest College flag, and was hoisted up the mast to fly with the star spangled banner till retreat. Saturday night it was displayed across the front of the press box during the Wake Forest-Clemson football game for the students, alumni, and visitors to witness.

Embedded in the center of the flag is the college seal, which in itself explains the purpose of Wake Forest College to the world.

This seal, a familiar sight to all students but completely blank in meaning to the majority, was presented to the Board of Trustees by Dr. Charles E. Taylor and President W. M. Poteat on December 11, 1909 and adopted. Miss Ida B. Poteat, then Professor of Art in the Baptist University for Women in Raleigh (now Meredith College) drew the plan, and it appeared for the first time on the cover of the Midwinter Number of the College Bulletin in January of 1909.

The entire seal is centered around the monogram in the center, which is a combination of the first two letters (XP—Chi and Rho) of *Christos*, the Greek form of Christ, and the Greek Alpha and Omega (beginning and ending). This adaptation of the X with the P through the center and extended at the top is called the monogram of Constantine, who adopted it in 312 A. D. after his conversion to Christianity in commemoration of his miraculous vision of the cross in the sky, and made it his official flag. Constantine did not invent this symbol, for it had been a familiar Christian symbol prior to his conversion, but he is accredited with it because of the great popularity it enjoyed from the date of its appearance on imperial standards. This labarum in its

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original was a purple silk banner hanging from a cross piece on a pike and surmounted by a golden crown.

The rest of the College seal is built around this symbol, the labarum. The rays of light issuing from the monogram suggest that Christ is the light of the world, and that Wake Forest College is an agent of its dissemination. Dr. George W. Paschal suggested the "Pro Humanitate" which means "for the benefit of mankind."

The college seal has found a new home in the center of the new college flag. A seal whose origin dates back to the time of Constantine in 312 A. D. is equally at home on the flag of 1942, for it declares the purpose of Wake Forest College to the world—a college, built on Christianity whose aim is to make this world a better place in which to live by means of the students which it annually sends out from its ancient halls into all walks of life.



Off the Keyboard

(Continued from page 1)

Wake Forest without a win for six years, for looking strong in defeat, powerful in victory, working in unison throughout every contest. They have worn the old gold and black in a manner that Wake Forest can justly feel proud of, now and in the years to come.

Our hats are off to Coach Walker and his 1942 Demon Deacons.



I Take the Army Oath

(Continued from page 3)

And, for that matter, the armed forces need such educated young men for officer material even today.

"You know, Santford, I don't believe for one minute that our President meant to be showing favoritism to the college few, when he put emphasis on letting college men remain at their tasks as long as possible; but rather, I believe the Commander-in-Chief understood, better than anyone else, the type of enemy we are fighting in this war—heathen, villainous, blood thirsty as they are. And knowing that type as he did, he realized that many of their seeds of revenge which they are constantly planting today will probably pop up some day after the war.

"In view of that fact, President Roosevelt knows exactly what is to be required of America after this war, if she is to ascend into the chair of universal peace-keeper—educated men, with world peace as their prime objective, and with utility, liberty, and harmony as their trinity of objectives. And undoubtedly, the President believes that our America can take that lead of world peace promoter, only under the condition that our leaders of tomorrow, who are the college youth of today, can best train themselves through a thorough education in those attitudes, thoughts, and habits of precise justice and liberal tolerance toward all peoples and races, no matter what color, no matter what locality. And the post-war world will need men with liberal educations, based upon the one peace-retaining element—tolerance!

"You must also realize, Son," continued Captain Johnston, "that the cost of war is actually a mortgage

on future generations—not only in material things (dollars and cents), but also in terms of morals and culture. And the lifting of this mortgage on our morals and culture will be left up mainly to the young college men, who have received a thorough education in the sciences and the arts. So go back to college, study conscientiously, and learn new things and new ideas, and above all, learn to reason sensibly. And last, I say, remember that the spirit of America, for which you may fight in the very near future, is the spirit of exploration, of rearrangement, and of improvement. And that spirit can reach its maximum potency only through the new ideas, the trained thoughts, and the tolerant attitudes which can be found best in the college-trained man.

"As you study, remember that war doesn't last forever. And after it's all over, then it will be a matter of your applying the education which we are allowing you to continue. And, for your own sake, don't develop the slacker's complex, don't feel that you are being allowed an unfair advantage over those boys of whom you spoke—those who can't go to college. After all, we all have our distinctive places in this thing. So be proud of the step you're about to take, a member of the Enlisted Reserve Corps of the United States Army, and work toward the end of being a good soldier when your time comes; but above all, a good level-headed citizen in a turbulent, revolution-minded world after it's all over."

Captain Johnston turned to his left and lifted a pamphlet from his desk.

"Repeat after me," he said: "I, Santford Wingate Martin, Jr., do solemnly swear to uphold. . . ."

And thus he continued to read the oath of induction, as I followed with the proper "yes sir's" and "no sir's."

It wasn't hard to join the Reserve now. It wasn't with a feeling of guilt or a lack of patriotism; but rather it was with pride and thankfulness, knowing that I was being offered an opportunity to learn better how to be a more efficient soldier and how to be a good citizen in a post-war democracy, which, I thought as I strolled down the hall, will insist that men be ranked on the chart of humanity not by place or wealth, but by essentials, such as intelligence, character and ability.

I left the government building with a new feeling, a new and mammoth thought, just as exalting as the other one of guilt had been depressing: I'm doing my part by getting a fuller education. And all college students are doing their part if they are studying conscientiously. For today, it's either study or fight!

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Raleigh, N. C.

Movie House Culture

(Continued from page 6)

such noble sentiments as "Good God" and "Jesus Christ A'mighty."

The type of motion picture which invariably evokes the biggest display of talent from our student body is the so-called "love picture," especially the scenes containing what is sometimes referred to as "hot petting." At such times, cries of "Wolf, wolf!" and "g— d—! I'd like to smooch that!" are heard on every side. Sighs and groans of all kinds are very acceptable.

At the same time, any passionate verbal pleas by the screen lovers are usually treated with less enthusiasm. During the showing of *Holiday Inn*, for instance, the following took place:

Bing (in high state of emotion): "I love you!"

Marjorie (ditto, voice dripping with sweetness): "I love you!"

"Why?" cut in a laconic, matter-of-fact voice, much to the delight of those within hearing distance.

Yet with all the display of talent which accompanies the majority of

local motion pictures, there is a definite feeling held by certain individuals that something should be done to maintain and preserve this unique culture. Here is a partial list of suggestions compiled from various expressed opinions, that might prove of value.

1. Organize a group of critics, and work out a plan by which a minimum number (of critics) can attend every show. This will insure adequate, first-hand comment on all pictures.

2. Add a special student tax to the price of admission and furnish each one with a bag of peanuts or popcorn (choice), a bottle of pop, two sticks of blow-gum, and an all day sucker. Chewing tobacco is five cents extra.

3. Provide a number of small pots or jars with handles attached to be used as combination spittoons and wastebaskets.

4. Request the theatre manager to schedule a "horse opera" or a "sex show" every other day.



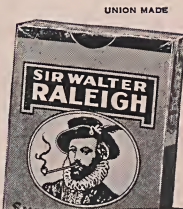
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